Idle Aquiver

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Idle Aquiver

by BadTiming

Summary

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>
> “I think we could argue that I haven’t been thinking clearly from the moment I set eyes on Hannibal fucking Lecter, Alana. But let me tell you that my thoughts have never been clearer than they are now. Now, let me through.” He hisses. Will notices for the first time that four employees have gathered nearby, held off from tackling him and dragging him out of the hospital only by the grace of Dr. Alana Bloom.
>
> “We’re all right, here, Denise.” Alana reassures the nurse who’s got a syringe in her hand, ready to act if the intruder were to attack Dr. Bloom. She’s seen the man before, he’s been here to visit Dr. Lecter quite a lot recently. Will throws the nurse a look over his shoulder and spots the syringe with a scoff before turning his attention back to Alana.
>
> “Just let me see him. I’m quite certain you don’t think I’m a danger to him.” Will snipes.
>
> “But he is to you.” Alana says, softly.
>
> or my imagined future scenes from And The Beast From the Sea.

Notes

> This was trotting in my head so I put it down on paper after seeing the preview for And The Beast From the Sea. I threw that down on paper, wrote it in about two hours. It's probably a mess, but I needed to write it. That's a bit how I envision the end of the season, but maybe that's just me. This hasn't been beta-ed, so I apologize for any typos or mistakes. I rated it mature because it references in parts events from my other fic, Savage Grace - which you can or not read before this, up to you, but I think this one stands well on its own and it's not necessary to have read Savage Grace to understand it. Also, some language, swearing, and all that jazz. Felt safer to rate it M anyhow.
>
> Hope you enjoy it.

See the end of the work for more notes

Murderous rage . Most of it not even directed at Hannibal, but at himself.

Will knows he once again fell for it, for Hannibal's trickery, his smoke and mirrors.

He didn't call ahead. He knows Alana will be expecting his visit, even though she is supposed to leave later today for long-awaited vacation someplace warm and exotic with Margot and their child. Jack informed her of Hannibal's latest mischief if one can call inviting a serial killer into someone's home *mischief* .

It's a sheer miracle that Molly and Walter were absent from the house that night, that the call caught them before they returned. Not that they'd even sighted the Tooth Fairy in the woods around Will's home - which had been thoroughly searched by FBI agents and a canine unit.

It's the fact that the Tooth Fairy could have found Molly unaware. Could have killed her and Walter. The fact Will couldn't have done anything about it. The fact Hannibal has dragged the two of them in between him and Will, made them privy to their dark twisted business.

Will is shaking with rage. The car door slams and the noise echoes strangely on the snow, a dull kind of echo. He spots Freddie Fucking Lounds' hair somewhere near the trees at the entrance of the parking lot. He can almost hear her stupid camera clicking away at him, trying to get the most scandalous picture possible. *Fuck her. Fuck her fucking articles. He'll deal with her later.*

Will still unconsciously slides his left hand inside his sleeve to hide his raw and bloodied knuckles where the bathroom mirror of his cheap motel room met his fist, four or five times.

His footsteps echo in the marble hall of the BSHCI. He completely ignores the registrar desk and the yells of the lady that works there calling after him for him to sign in. The metal detector rings as he storms through it.

Let her call security.

As he's the real menace in this place...

Alana is waiting near the first set of locked doors that keep Hannibal Lecter tucked away from the world. She opens her mouth to say something but Will is quicker.

"Don't even fucking try to dissuade me from seeing him. It won't happen. I'll break down the doors, Alana, I swear." Will seethes. Alana has never seen him this enraged and she finds it terrifying in its own way. There is a darkness to Will, one she's always been attracted to and fascinated by. But *this , this is beyond anything she's witnessed or observed.*

"Will, you're not thinking clearly, right now." She tries to pacify him with a raised hand. *His eyes. All that makes Will Graham human and compassionate seems to drain from his eyes. And suddenly he's laughing. A maniacal kind of laugh.*

"I think we could argue that I haven't been thinking clearly from the moment I set eyes on Hannibal *fucking Lecter, Alana. But let me tell you that my thoughts have never been clearer*

than they are now. Now, let me through .” He hisses. Will notices for the first time that four employees have gathered nearby, held off from tackling him and dragging him out of the hospital only by the grace of Dr. Alana Bloom.

“We’re all right, here, Denise.” Alana reassures the nurse who’s got a syringe in her hand, ready to act if the intruder were to attack Dr. Bloom. She’s seen the man before, he’s been here to visit Dr. Lecter quite a lot recently. Will throws the nurse a look over his shoulder and spots the syringe with a scoff before turning his attention back to Alana.

“Just let me see him. I’m quite certain you don’t think I’m a danger to him.” Will snipes.

“But he is to you.” Alana says, softly. But she still turns and unlocks the first set of doors, giving quick instructions to the personnel who seems confused by the fact a clearly irrational man has just stormed through the doors and is being let in, just like that.

“Come with me.” Alana mutters, her cane tapping on the ground as she leads Will towards Hannibal’s cell. There are other sets of doors, locked ones. Some are guarded, others aren’t, but the locks are all solid, strong. *Impenetrable.*

They still wouldn’t keep Will out if he really wanted to.

They’re finally at the last set of doors. Alana leaves him there and presses a hand to his forearm whilst Will fists his hair with his hands.

“He sent him to my home. To my wife and her child.” Will whispers, almost to himself.

“I know. Don’t let him win, Will.”

“Can we get a bit of privacy?” Will pleads. Alana seems to think about it for a few seconds and then she nods, giving orders to the security team in the locked room in the corner. They will cut the sound feed and only leave the camera on, should Will need immediate assistance. *Non-negotiable . Will acquiesces.*

And then, Will is alone.

He composes himself a bit before entering the lair of the beast. He won’t give Hannibal the satisfaction of seeing him in such a rage. But all thoughts of calm and control evaporate violently when he hears him through the doors.

Hannibal is fucking whistling.

He doesn’t even look up from whatever it is he is doing sitting on the ground in his cell when Will storms in. All his things have been taken, from the chair to the table to the drawings and the books. Even his toilet. The cell is bare save for the man sitting on the grounds, with his back to the glass, whistling.

“She had the good sense to remove your toys.” Will laughs when he sees the bare walls, the desperately white room. It’s a far cry from Hannibal’s lavish, jewel-toned Baltimore home. And yet, Hannibal occupies all the space, makes it his own even when all the things that make him himself are taken away.

Will realizes Hannibal is whistling the Goldberg Variations. And he doesn't stop, doesn't even acknowledge Will's presence. So Will punches the barrier that separates him from Hannibal, forgetting for an instant that his knuckles are already raw.

"I'm talking to you. You wanted me here, to see you, to hear you, to always know where you were, well I'M HERE NOW. SO YOU'LL STAND UP AND TALK TO ME" Will roars. His voice reverberates in the room. His knuckles have left a smear of blood on the plexiglass. Absurdly, Will thinks it looks like the ketchup smeared on Walter's plate when he and Molly make burgers on the grill outside their home.

Hannibal stops whistling and speaks, without even turning.

"You're injured." The tone is curious at best, amused, at worst.

"Isn't that how you wanted me to be when you sent a killer after me?" *Again. That, Will leaves unsaid. He won't give Hannibal the satisfaction of reminiscing their past.*

"Were you home then, when the Tooth Fairy paid a visit? Did he leave you a shiny penny?" He finally turns, a lazy turn of the head, like a cat who knows it's being called repeatedly by its master but refuses, out of pettiness, to acknowledge the call completely.

"They're both alive. He didn't even show up. You failed. Whatever you were trying to do, you failed." Will hisses. Hannibal unfolds, in a ridiculously elegant manner, from the floor. Brushes his prison uniform elegantly as if to remove from it specks of nonexistent dust.

"What happened to your hand then?" Other than the obvious. Hannibal looks at the smudges of blood that mark the plexiglass between him and Will. Will looks like a vision, eyes dark and stormy, a dangerous sneer on his lips. Lips Hannibal has kissed and bitten. Will looks like a killer.

"I punched it through a mirror. Repeatedly." Will explains. He closes his eyes and breathes deeply, to assuage the rage. He wants to wrap his hands around Hannibal's neck and squeeze until Hannibal can't even hope to claw out of his hold. He wants to gouge at Hannibal's cheeks with his nails until the skin peels off in ribbons. He wants to punch Hannibal to a bloody pulp. And he feels disgusted that there's this tight coil in his belly, that warmth that gathers there as he feels Hannibal's eyes on him, his gaze licking at Will's skin hungrily like fire burning silk. It's obscene really, how powerful the man's gaze is to Will Graham.

Hannibal is silent. He just stands there, with an enigmatic smirk on his face, gazing at Will. Will's eyes snap open, irises a cold and brutal blue as they clash with Hannibal's.

"What did you say to him?" Will asks, venom dripping from his every word.

"Save yourself. Kill them all." Hannibal replies, calmly. A pause, then. Will's fists clench and unclench. He stares at Hannibal's lips, remembering how they looked wrapped around his cock, that night, a thousand lifetimes ago. You only hurt the ones you love. How absurd to love a monster, then.

“And then I gave him your home address.” Hannibal concludes, cocking his head to the side slightly to study Will. Will feels, more than ever like a puppet in the hands of a particularly cruel child.

“You knew I wasn’t going to be home. You wanted him to kill her. Jealousy doesn’t become you, Dr. Lecter. It makes you pathetic.” Will won’t give him the satisfaction of saying Molly’s name. Won’t even mention Walter. “That’s why you killed Abigail too. You cannot fathom the concept of sharing whatever your twisted mind has set its sights on.”

“You’re oversimplifying our relationship, here, Will. Making us sound like lovers in a quarrel.” Hannibal muses, eyes crinkling in amusement. Will slides off his glasses, rubbing at his face with trembling fingers, not realizing he’s put blood on his cheek as he does.

“I’m not *yours . We’re not friends . And we most certainly are not family. You don’t send people to kill your family.” Will sighs. A bitter laugh then. Almost hysterical. “But then again, who are we kidding. You ate your family.” Hannibal doesn’t even flinch, but Will can see the little chink he’s just made in the armor that adorns Hannibal like a second skin.*

“Only my sister.” Hannibal amends. “I ate you too. You tasted delicious. Does your wife know about that?” Will is suddenly thankful that Alana cut the sound feed. Because apparently Hannibal is not holding anything back, today. He almost sounds desperate.

“Is that how you make it through the day? Remember that one twisted fucking time when I let you touch me? Because I was drugged and desperate for a touch that wasn’t pain and violence? You think it was what, *love ? Lust ? You think we’re fucking soul mates?” Will notices only then that he’s almost flush with the plexiglass, his bloodied fingers grasping at the circular holes cut through so that air and sound can travel more freely inside Hannibal’s cell.*

“I think you’re angrier at yourself for letting it nearly happen than you really are at me for orchestrating it, though, in my defense, I did very little, just nudged our dragon friend in the right direction.”

“What do you want from me?” Will asks, pressing his forehead to the plexiglass, starring at his bloodied knuckles. There is a slight touch then, to his fingers, a caress, gentle and almost loving.

“There’ll be bruising. You should put ice on those. I’d offer you some, but as you can see, they’ve left me with nothing more than my memories and the clothes I’m wearing.” Hannibal’s voice is soft, almost hypnotizing. His fingers seem to send an electric current through Will’s skin. He knows that Alana is probably watching this on the monitors, probably will chastise him for risking getting his fingers bitten off or worse… Will snatches the hand that is caressing his and pulls it through the hole, roughly. Holding it in place. His nails dig in the skin, creating half-moon crescents of red that would probably bleed were his nails any longer. They’ll leave marks, at the very least. Hannibal doesn’t even flinch.

“You’re the first person to touch me in almost three months. The last one was a nurse who gave me a sedative so they could search my cell.” Hannibal murmurs. Will’s eyes trail back

from their entwined hands to Hannibal's face who's pressed much closer to the glass than he should, his breath fogging against the surface.

"I want to break every single one of your fingers." Will murmurs. "You make me so angry."

"And yet I also make you feel alive." Hannibal breathes.

"I hate you." Will replies. "I hate that I need you for this case. I hate your cruelty. I hate that you think that getting my wife and step-son killed would draw me to you, make me want to be yours." The rage has seeped out of Will, through his arm and hand and nails and into Hannibal's skin where it belongs.

"You refused to see me for three years. You did not even look at me in court."

"I told you I did not want to see you anymore. I told you goodbye. Why couldn't you just go and let me be?" Will pleads.

"You keep saying we are one and the same, that we are… conjoined. And yet, you ask me to leave, time and time again." Hannibal replies, dragging his musician fingers on the underside of Will's wrist. It's a gentle caress, like that of a lover. Like the ones they have shared before. Will shudders. His skin feels too tight, his cheeks are burning, not with rage anymore.

"You know who he is. I've seen his face. How does he choose them?" Will asks, his gaze he keeps pointed at Hannibal's lips. It's like starring into the mouth of Hell and wishing simultaneously that it would devour and punish you. Will wonders then if he might not be a bit masochistic.

"How do you think he chooses them?" Hannibal retorts.

"Hannibal…" It's half a plea, half a reproach. There's disappointment in there. Will is really drowning in it. Disappointment at himself, for thinking that he could do this, dip back into the dark murky waters that are Hannibal Lecter, and not drown there. He wishes suddenly that Molly was here, to ground him with her smile and the soft skin inside her elbow, and that delicate perfume she wears that makes him go wild when he kisses her neck.

"You love her very much." Hannibal muses. It's uncanny how plainly Hannibal can read Will's every thought on his face. "You get this faint blush high on your cheeks when you think about her."

"Yes, I love her. She's good and sweet and compassionate and caring. And she fights for those she loves." Will says. Hannibal's fingers have stopped their caress. Now, they simply squeeze, not painfully though.

"How much of your darkness does she know?"

Will laughs again, bitter and sad all at once.

"All of it. You thought you were the only one who could embrace it? Nurture it? She makes me good. She doesn't scar me just to see how I'll mend back together."

“No, she does not. That’s what I do.” Hannibal replies. “And yet you always come back for more. Like a moth to a flame. I told you that only madness laid ahead.”

“You won’t see me again after today.” Will suddenly says. Lifting his forehead from the plexiglass to stare Hannibal right in the eyes. Hannibal frowns slightly, seemingly unaffected by the words, more curious about them, trying to decipher what hidden meaning they might have.

“I’m not coming back to see you, Dr. Lecter. This is the last you’ll ever see of me. Gorge yourself, gaze all you can, because this is all you get.” Will sighs.

“Do you mean to say you’re leaving the investigation to Jack?”

“What does it matter if I can’t save this one? Or stop him? There’ll be a thousand more to take his place. I can’t keep doing this. So this is our goodbye.”

“You’d let innocents die, just to spite me?” Hannibal asks, amused. But it’s a front. It’s the most desperate front of amusement Will has ever seen a man display.

“You don’t believe in innocence.” Will reminds him, pulling at his curls with his hand that is not entwined with Hannibal’s.

“I can help you stop him.” Hannibal begs. Because it is begging, disguised as something elegant and nonchalant.

“I don’t want you to. I want you to leave me alone. Don’t write. I won’t read you. I’ll ask Jack to burn anything you send me. Don’t call. I will hang up on you. Erase me from your memories, like I was never there. Write to Bedelia, instead. She shares more of your appetites than I do.” Will smiles softly at this. *Bedelia* .

The fingers wrap around his wrist possessively, drawing his hand into the cell. Suddenly, Hannibal bends down and his mouth is on the bloodied knuckles, kissing them softly.

Hannibal gazes up at him, curiously, before stepping back and dropping his hand which Will promptly slide back through the partition. There is a glint of metal in Hannibal’s hand that disappears into his jumpsuit’s pocket. Will catches his gaze, and nods before turning away to leave.

“ *À bientôt ” Hannibal says to Will’s back. Will turns over his shoulder and gazes one last time at Hannibal Lecter before stepping out.*

The door has just latched closed when Alana steps out, face unreadable. She has questions, certainly. She wants to know what went down between the two men, but at the same time, she doesn’t. Hannibal and Will’s relationship is well beyond the realm of things she feels a need to understand. Last time she waltzed with them, it almost cost her her life. She won’t make that mistake again.

“When is your plane leaving?” Will asks her as she accompanies him to the main hall, locking all the doors carefully behind herself as she goes, security guards nodding at them as

they go. Five doors, five locks, five keys, and she holds them all.

“In two hours. Margot is coming to pick me up with the car in a few minutes.”

“Good. Enjoy your vacation, Alana. Take care of yourself.” Will adds. And then, he brushes his lips against her cheek before slipping through the metal detectors near the door, once more and out in the bitter cold. Alana is tired. So tired of Hannibal and his shenanigans. Thankful too that his plans to hurt Will have failed. So thankful that she brushes her unease at the entire exchange she witnessed on the video monitors off and gathers her purse and coat from her office before stepping out to meet Margot and Toby in the car waiting by the curb.

It’s only hours later, when she’s on the plane in first class, a glass of champagne in her hand, Margot’s fingers entwined with hers, that Alana realizes the detectors rang when Will barged in, but not when he walked out.

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“When you come for me, leave them out of it. Just us. You and me. I won’t fight it.” Will murmurs over his shoulder. Hannibal caresses the metal pin in his pocket and nods, imperceptibly.

Deal.

End Notes

So this is it for now. I might continue with this or not, haven't decided yet, but I think it stands well on its own. As always, criticism is welcomed. Comments are always a blessing to read. They make me smile giddily like Will when he sees his dogs :)

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